

THE

PRINCE OF TUNIS.

A

TRAGEDY.

THE

PRINCE OF TUNIS



D. Y.

THE

2

PRINCE OF TUNIS.

Richd. Chatter.

A

T R A G E D Y.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, EDINBURGH.

D U B L I N:

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THE
PRINCE OF TUNIS

BY
R. A. G. D. N.

AS PUBLISHED BY THE



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DUBLIN

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author would not have troubled the Public with this Advertisement, were it not that some acknowledgment for their favour is now grown so customary, that his omitting it might have seemed a want of that gratitude he feels for their indulgent reception of the PRINCE OF TUNIS.

His testimony to the merit of the Performers, the universal approbation of the Audience has rendered superfluous. To some of them, however, he is under obligations, which the general voice could not discharge ; and it is only now that he has an opportunity of declaring them.—The MANAGER will accept of his thanks, for the particular attention which he paid to the preparing of this Tragedy for representation, as well as for that support which he gave it in his excellent performance of the character of HELL. To Mrs. YATES he desires to make the warmest acknowledgments, not only for the interest she kindly took in this Play, from the beginning, but also for those judicious corrections, which were suggested from the repeated perusals she was at the trouble of giving it. That some of its many original imperfections have not met the Eye, is owing to the goodness of her *Taste* ; that it reached the Heart to her inimitable *Acting*.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

MEN.

BARBAROSSA,

Mr. Incebaki.

HASSAN,

Mr. Woods.

HELI,

Officers under
Barbarossa.

Mr. Digges.

SULADDIN,

Mr. Webb.

ZATMA,

Mr. Fleetwood.

WOMEN.

ZULIMA,

Mrs. Yates.

ZEYDA,

Miss Glassington.

Slaves, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE. The Royal Palace of Tunis.



PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. YATES, in the character of the
GENIUS OF SCOTLAND.

Amidst a wild, romantic scene, the GENIUS ad-
vances to the sound of solemn music.

WHERE yonder distant hills majestic rise
And bear their snowy bosoms to the skies,
In sacred solitude I love to dwell,
While the big torrent foams around my cell;
GENIUS OF SCOTLAND! there aloft I stand,
And view the growing glories of the land.

'Twas there the Son of Fingal tower'd along,
And, 'midst his mountains, roll'd the flood of song.
'Twas there the Heroes of that song arose,
And Roman eagles found unwanquish'd foes;
The rugged cliff, the barren desert smil'd,
For I, and loose-rob'd Freedom, walk'd the wild.

But now, beneath a milder planet's reign,
No steely phalanx desolates the plain;
The gentler arts that polish human kind,
Tread the soft lawn, and leave it blest'd behind;
Commerce and Peace unlock their stores around;
And choral Muses sing on classic ground.

Late as I mark'd, with fond maternal eyes,
On ev'ry side my laurell'd sons arise;
Deeds, else forgot, that grac'd the distant age,
I saw immortal in the SCOTTISH page;
In SCOTLAND trimm'd, the lamp of Wisdom blaze,
And heard her sing that sounds to future days;
'Twas mine the meed of Honour to bestow,
And weave the wreath that crowns the deathless brow.

PROLOGUE.

*An humble Poet, scarcely known to Fame
Stepp'd doubtful forth, one little sprig to claim.
"From earliest youth," he said, "he wish'd to find
"Where first the passion's Nature's robe unbind;
"For Nature's sons with artless pencil drew.
"And walk'd on tragic ground with her in view;
"If on his native stage his scenes may live,
"He asks no praise but what the heart can give."*

*Such were his words; but yours the power to raise
The buds of Genius with the dew of praise;
With you his cause I leave; his story hear;
And if applause it merits, — shed a tear.*



THE PRINCE OF TUNIS.
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A TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

Musick is heard at a distance.

ZEYDA enters, and speaks.

YON hymenial pomp, those sprightly sounds,
Suit the glad hour that gives to Barbarossa
My beauteous friend. But, ah! discordant Sadness
Preys on her soul; and 'midst the festive scene;
The lovely mourner, wedded to her woe.
Hears not the voice of Love!—Her griefs are mine.
Yet tho' my brother's memory claim her tears,
My brother's friend, her newly plighted husband,
Demands a gayer aspect.—Let me find her
Where she sits drooping o'er our common sorrows,
And speak the comfort which I cannot feel.

Exit Zeyda.

*The back scene opens, and discovers Zulima sitting in a
pensive attitude.*

ZULIMA.

'Tis done! and Barbarossa is my Lord!—
Ah! my Arassid! is it lawful now

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For wretched Zulima to think on thee?
 Yes: by the weakness of my soul betray'd,
 Tho' now another claim the wither'd love
 That died with him, yet while Reflection lives
 Within this tortur'd mind, on the sad theme
 Shall sleepless Memory her musings bend,
 And, like a miser at the midnight-hour,
 Steal from the world, and count my hoarded woes!
 Nor yet shall Barbarossa blame my tear,
 Shed for the friend his valour has reveng'd.

Enter ZEYDA.

My Zeyda, thou art welcome; but for thee
 This world were like a desert to my sight,
 Howling and wild, without one friendly hand
 To guide my steps, or point my thoughts to peace.

ZEYDA.

Are those the looks, my Zulima, that brides
 Wear on their wedding-days?—Thy Zeyda's aid,
 Weak as it was, tho' from an honest heart,
 Is needless now: A conquering Soldier's arm,
 The valiant Barbarossa's, guards my friend,
 And mocks the threatening of her sorrows past.

ZULIMA.

Her sorrows past!—when will her sorrows end?
 Oh! never, never, till this swelling heart
 Shall beat no more!—Zeyda, the flattering hopes
 That other wretches, desolate like her,
 Turn their faint eyes on with a gleam of comfort,
 To Zulima are lost: relentless Fate
 Has fix'd her doom of wretchedness beyond
 The wildest wish of fortune to recall.

ZEYDA.

Banish those dread reflections from your mind,
 Tho' Zeyda is a partner in your woe,
 Too near a partner; tho' a sister's tears
 Mingle with thine upon Arassid's bier;
 Yet would her friendship hide them as they flow:
 Revolving years may win our sorrows from us,
 And dull Forgetfulness, with silent pace,
 Creep on our souls, and lull them into patience.

ZULIMA.

A TRAGEDY. PART II.

ZULIMA.

It shall not, Zeyda. Oh! this heart were vile,
 If e'er the idle pageantry of life
 Could choke its virtuous sorrow. Hand Sorrow
 Were long ere this familiar; When a child
 Before my sense could reason on my tears,
 My nature shed them.—Thou hast often heard
 The piteous tale: when first I lisp'd out words,
 'Twas but to talk imperfectly of sorrow.

ZEYDA.

I cannot grieve for what thy childhood suffer'd
 The storm that wreck'd thee on our coast has given
 A friend to Zeyda, and a Queen to Tunis.

ZULIMA.

A Queen to Tunis!—How my thoughts are up,
 And tremble at themselves!—Alas! my Zeyda,
 There was a time when this fond heart was proud
 To think of sharing empire with Arrid.
 At his good father's death, he flew to find me
 (It gave a sceptre; yet an honest tear
 Stole from his eye); "Tis now my time," he said,
 "To place my Zulima where worth like her's
 "Should bless my kingdom."—But a little while
 I gave to decent grief for him whose kindness
 Made me his child without the tie of Nature.

ZEYDA.

But in that interval, far other days
 Your destinies had measur'd. Dark-eyed Treason
 That long in some ambitious chiefs had watch'd
 Occasion for its mischief, now arose
 To open violence.—

ZULIMA.

—'Twas at the hour
 Of silent midnight, pondering on the maze
 Where Fate had led me, sudden in my sight,
 Disguis'd beneath the habit of a mute,
 Arrid stood.—"Fear not, my Love," he said
 "Beauty and innocence like thine the Prophet
 "And his best Angels guard: To them, alas!
 "I leave thee now. Rebellion's on the spur
 "And hunts me in this form."—Aghast I stood.

In dumb amazement!—with a manly calmness
 Stifling his grief; “Be comforted,” he said,
 “The Sultan was my father’s steadfast friend;
 “Generous and Brave, as Fame aloud reports him,
 “He will support his son; to him I flee.”—
 Then, gazing on me, breath’d a faint farewell!—
 That was his last farewell!—Then what am I?—
 A wretch, whom Heaven hath punished with a heart
 In sufferings feeble, yet too strong to break!
 Why was my infancy for this preserv’d
 From the swollen billows of the raging flood?
 I should have died, when on my guiltless soul
 Death, like a sleep had fall’n, and giv’n it bliss.

ZEYDA.

For deeds of mercy by the arm of Heav’n
 Thy life was rescued. Flush’d with haughty conquest,
 When Barbarossa led his savage bands,
 O’er the wide waste of streets that smok’d in ruin,
 To plunder and to carnage, thou could’st stop
 Destruction’s course; by thee the thunder lost
 Its fiercest fire, and spar’d devoted Tunis.

ZULIMA.

Oh! I call not to my mind that day of horror!
 Tho’ many a parent mourn’d their children slain,
 Tho’ many a widow wail’d their fallen lords,
 For me remain’d more complicated anguish.
 When it was rumour’d that the Prince was come
 With Barbarossa, and the Sultan’s aid,
 To drive usurping Treason from his throne,
 Trembling I sat, to watch the dread event,
 And breath’d unutterable prayers to Heaven
 To shield his precious life! Around me rose
 The horrid din of arms, the shouts of battle.
 Still, as the noise grew louder, did my heart
 Beat to th’ alarm of their rattling trumpets,
 And, with the mingled flush of hope and fear,
 My swelling eyes star’d wildly for Arassid.
 Streak’d with the purple lines of deathful war,
 At length a soldier entered my apartment;
 The native fierceness of his look was temper’d
 With softness ill assum’d: he bow’d before me,

Bade

Bade me forget my fears, and rest secure
 In Barbarossa's friendship.—Faint and breathless,
 With terror faltering on my lips, I ask'd
 For my Arassid.—The barbarian turn'd,
 And wept, or seem'd to weep.—“The Prince,” he said,
 “Lives with the blest'd! But Barbarossa's friendship
 “Stretches to all his friends.”—I heard no more.—
 Wou'd that my Zeyda's care had then forgot me,
 Nor to a wretch like me recall'd the life
 That teems with curses!—Nay, I pray thee, weep not;
 I cannot weep!—

ZEYDA.

—My brother!—

ZULIMA.

—Speak, my Zeyda,

Speak all his praise; it is the little comfort
 That yet is left me: tho' it sting my heart,
 Yet will I press the fond remembrance there,
 Till, in some favour'd hour, it burst with thinking
 Of what I was.—

ZEYDA.

—Oh! urge it not so far;

Live for his friends, and for the friends of Tunis.
 Begirt with soldiers foreign to its fate,
 The valiant Barbarossa, warm and open,
 May hear some counsels hurtful to its peace:
 But thou shalt smooth the rugged hand of pow'r,
 And teach thy Lord the softer sway of mercy.

ZULIMA.

Alas! my Zeyda, how that title sounds
 With Barbarossa's name! And must I smile
 With poor hypocrisy? chase from my heart
 The dear remembrance of an honest love,
 And, fashioning my features into gladness,
 Crawl on the earth, and prostitute my looks
 For splendid misery and titl'd meanness?
 My virtue will not let me, nor my pride,
 A woman's pride, that fortune cannot vanquish.

ZEYDA.

There spoke the Zulima Arassid lov'd!—
 Is there no blush upon his sister's cheek?
 The daughter of a King!—But I'll forget it;

Humility

Humility is a dependant's virtue,
And Barbarossa is the Lord of Tunis.

ZULIMA.

Forgive me, Zeyda; tho' at times I talk thus,
Yet am I weak and fearful, (do not hate me);
Witness the vows that, fresh upon my lips,
Have made me Barbarossa's!—Is't not so?
Say that I am not, and I'll bless thy tongue
That gives me freedom.—

ZEYDA.

—Do not think I blame thee.
I know thy virtue; 'tis our sex's weakness,
Perhaps its praise, to want the stern resolve
That arms unyielding natures; who of women,
Forlorn as thou wert, and beset with perils,
Had, in despite of Prudence, fiercely scorn'd
The shelter which she offer'd?—

ZULIMA.

—Ah! my Zeyda,
It was not prudence, it was something meaner.
My gratitude I ow'd him for myself;
Then as Arassid's friend, mingling his tears
In one sad stream with mine, he claim'd my favour,
But did not talk of love; till at the last
He woo'd me in Compassion's gentle form,
To chase despair and anguish from his breast.
Worn as I was, and stupified with sorrow,
My soul had lost the strength that should have guarded
Her firm relentless faith; and Barbarossa
With ceaseless importunity prevail'd
To gain a loveless shadow to his arms.—
But see, he comes!—Oh! do not leave me long,
For thou can'st hear my grief.—

Exit Zeyda.

—Why do I tremble?

Methinks it is pollution to approach him;
And something, with the chilly hand of Fear,
Knocks at my heart, and thrills the blood within me!

Enter Barbarossa.

BARBAROSSA.

My Zulima! my bride! That name demands

A warmer

A warmer look ; why turns thy moisten'd eye
From Barbarossa ? he's a suitor still :

The sterner customs of an eastern husband
His love foregoes ; but Zulima requites him ;
With unrelenting coldness. —

ZULIMA.

— No, she feels

The gratitude that Barbarossa's love,
And Barbarossa's friendship, well demands.
She can no more ; perhaps her nature wants
The warmth that glows in more exalted minds.

BARBAROSSA.

For me alone she wants it. What condition
Of love assiduous, of unweary'd service,
Can win her smile from me ? —

ZULIMA.

— Alas ! her cheek,

In sorrow steep'd, has lost the pow'r to smile !
Ah ! too unworthy of assiduous love,
And much too humble for unweary'd service,
She only asks the privilege of mourning.

BARBAROSSA.

Inhuman to herself ! can ceaseless tears
Re-animate the dust of fall'n virtue ?
Can the loud wailings of Affliction break
The fetter'd sleep of Death ? —

ZULIMA.

— I know they cannot.

But Reason may not measure what we should be,
When thus we are ; there is some hidden power
More forcible than are a thousand reasons
Substanc'd in fullest proof. —

BARBAROSSA.

— Such power there is,

That weans us from our woe : unheeded Time
Creeps, like some thirsty pilferer, on our thoughts,
Till by unval'd atoms he has stolen
Accumulated sorrows — But for thee
He rolls his suns in vain ; thy cherish'd grief
Mocks every common cure. —

BARBAROSSA.

ZULIMA.

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ZULIMA.

—Ah! too uncommon
My cause of grief!—When first you found me weep-
ing
O'er the fall'n joys my hopes had fondly built,
Beyond the poor proportion of my merit
Your favour grac'd me; but on me that favour
Was ill bestowed; Misfortune's chilly blast
Had nipp'd the budding wishes of my heart,
And wither'd ev'ry passion. This I urg'd
In answer to your love, but urg'd in vain,
Till in some hour of weakness you o'ercame me,
And triumph'd in extorting from my lips
The promise, not the will. If this was falsehood,
I own it now; spurn this betrayer from you,
Who join'd her hand to thine, but never felt
The hallow'd sympathy of meeting souls
To make such union bless'd. —

BARBAROSSA.

—I'll hear no more.

This is the canker breath of Melancholy
That blights our peace, and turns the dew of heav'n
To the rank moisture of a penitence.
Forbear to raise those spectres of the past
That shed such gloom around them; be the mistress
Of me and Tunis: new-invented joys
Shall court thee to possess them, and thy brow,
Losing those dark ungracious lines of sadness,
Beam with the light of beauty and of love.

ZULIMA.

Alas! you know me not. I am not wont
To think so lightly, new-invented joys
Will court in vain, when the affection's dead
That should have heard them. I had treasur'd up
The little comforts of my soul together
In one unsully'd bond of virtuous friendship,
Let me not blush to own it, — virtuous love!
You cannot frown, my Lord, on this confession;
For you yourself were my Arassid's friend.

BARBAROSSA.

BARBAROSSA.

Arassid's friend!—And was I not his friend?

ZULIMA.

You said so then, when first your pity look'd
Upon the hapless mourner of Arassid.

The prince's virtues claim'd the noblest friendship;
But the soft ties that link'd our souls together
Made friendship poor; for they were form'd so early,
That, like the first instinctive calls of Nature,
Our bosoms felt them. When a helpless infant,
Thrown by a tempest on his father's coast,
The remnant of a shipwreck, where my parents
Had met the fate that spar'd their wretched daughter,
With some poor relics of a better fortune,
Which the rude storm had left me, the good King
Receiv'd me like some gift from Heav'n, and rear'd
This orphan as his own. Arassid's age
Was near to mine: the innocent delight
That warms the breasts of cherubs to each other,
Mated our tender minds, and when at play,
Ev'n in the very fashion of our sports,
We could not brook another's fellowship.
Our childish joys and cares we had in common;
And each was like a twin-tun'd lute, that held
A tone no longer than its kindred bosom.
Made music on that string!—O! I could talk,
And weary out the sun, on such a theme!—
You'll pardon me, it moves you.

BARBAROSSA.

—T was a deed
That cries damnation with a voice of thunder,
Arassid is in heaven!—

ZULIMA.

—Yes; if virtue
E'er claim'd its mansions, there Arassid is.

BARBAROSSA.

And where is Barbarossa?—

ZULIMA.

BARBAROSSA.

Who calls on Barbarossa? Hush! 'tis gone.
Didst thou not speak?—

ZULIMA.

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ZULIMA.

— I did; you much amaze me,
By starting to such question! —

BARBAROSSA.

— Zulima!

ZULIMA.

What would my Lord? Your lip is pale and trem-
bling!

You are not well. —

BARBAROSSA.

— Not well! — Soft you a while.

A man! a soldier! be on't. — Do not wonder,
My Zulima, at this; — once at the Porte,
I swallow'd poison of a murderous slave,
Whom in some trifling instance I had anger'd;
And though the power of medicine from my life
With-held its mischief, yet the baneful drug
Left this attaint upon my blood, which now
For years I had not felt, and hop'd it gone.
'Tis but a moment's quailing, and it were nothing,
But for the note of others — I would talk.
'Tis likely, strange and wild, and charge perhaps
My innocent soul with crimes. — You did observe it.

ZULIMA.

I did not truly. —

BARBAROSSA.

— It was better not.

And thus are noble natures; but I have been,
Where those who knew me not, would draw conceits
Of horrible doings, from the wandering phrase
Of my distemper'd fancy. —

ZULIMA.

— Think no more on't.

But Hassan comes, I leave you to his care:
What the poverty of a wretch like me,
Amidst her woes, can give my gratitude
Commands for Barbarossa. —

Exit Zulima.

BARBAROSSA.

— Ha! my gratitude

Commands for Barbarossa! Had she curs'd me,
I could

I cou'd have born't : this is a scorpion's sting.
My gratitude! — A smooth and deep-dy'd villain.

Enter Hassan at the opposite side of the Stage.

HASSAN.

He's wrapt in something deeply — Barbarossa!

BARBAROSSA.

I've heard that blood will speak! — Arasid's blood! —

My gratitude! 'tis hotter in my cheek

Than burning Hell! — A false perfidious villain!

Ha! [*Seeing Hassan*] thou didst urge it too; yes, traitor, thou!

Give me Arasid. — [*Seizing him*]

HASSAN.

— By the holy Prophet,

I know not what thou mean'st. I am no traitor.

Had I been false, Arasid might have liv'd

The Prince of Tunis still. I wou'd that all

Around us were but half as true as I am.

To Barbarossa's cause —

BARBAROSSA.

— Forgive me, Hassan.

I was intangled in a dream of fancy,

And knew not what I did. —

HASSAN.

— Dreams may be well

For those whom peace hath licens'd to indulge

Their spleen at leisure. Conquests hardly won,

Need wakeful eyes to keep 'em. —

BARBAROSSA.

— By this prologue,

There's danger to be told of. What's the matter?

HASSAN.

It is the quality of boastful courage,

To scorn Suspicion; I am old enough,

To like this feint-ey'd mistress much beyond

The trick'd and flouting honour. I have founded,

By well-instructed spies, the hearts of Tunis,

And find that dangerous mischief is among 'em,

Did but occasion *rouse* it. —

BARBAROSSA.

— Thus it will be,

If

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If our suspicion dwell on little tales,
That zeal may fetch us. Warm unthinking minds,
In the loose hour of revelry and riot,
Will give their tongues the licence of the time,
And talk sedition, though they never mean it.

HASSAN.

Ay; but these murmurs have a deeper root.
Araffid's death——

BARBAROSSA.

——Name not Araffid's death.

If thou hadst pow'r to raise the blackest fiend,
He could not drive the colour from my cheek
Like that bare name!——

HASSAN.

——Farewel! I came to talk
With Barbarossa; I have found a Dervise,
Who wears his courage in a Talisman,
And trembles at a sound!——

BARBAROSSA.

——Hassan, beware;
You'll find I have enough of valour left
To punish insolence.——

HASSAN

——By heav'n, it galls me,
Beyond the patience of a man, to hear
My honest counsels for thy safety treated
With such a cold regard. Say, shall I speak?
Or shall Conspiracy unquestion'd walk,
Till it has strength to beard us at broad noon?

BARBAROSSA.

Thy cautions mean me well; speak, I will hear them.

HASSAN.

Araffid's death, that hitherto had pass'd,
On our report, by pestilence occasion'd,
Some traitor hath divulg'd. Last night was held
A secret meeting of his former friends;
Revenge was hotly talk'd of; Zeyda's title,
As daughter to the King, asserted loudly;
And oaths of mutual obligation sworn,
To faith and secrecy.——

BARBAROSSA.

BARBAROSSA.

—How learn'd you this?

HASSAN.

A Spanish renegade's was the place
 They chanc'd to meet in ; an old slave of his,
 Whom bribes had gain'd me, overheard in part
 Their conversation. Shall I trace this deeper ?
 Or strike their treason, ere it rise to hurt us ?

BARBAROSSA.

No ; not so rashly ; there's a ripeness wanting
 To give our measures colour : we might crush them ;
 But from their blood would sprout a thousand foes,
 That gentler means may win. Assume the boldness
 Of injur'd virtue ; teach me to belie
 The gnawings of this bosom, and to lift
 Mine eye, with folding of the hands together,
 At the false rumours of Arrassid's murder.
 Double our guards, but yet in such a seeming
 As may not shew mistrust ; unbend your looks,
 And hide the scrutiny of your eye beneath
 The frolic garb of care-deriding smiles.

HASSAN.

Why, this is Barbarossa ; this the conduct
 That holds him Lord of Tunis. Think it done.

BARBAROSSA.

Thy faith shall be rewarded : fare thee well.

Exit Hassan.

Oh coward guilt ! how fall'n is Barbarossa ?
 Once fam'd for valour and unvanquish'd arms ;
 Now, like some paltry villain, skulking basely,
 Beneath the covert of insidious looks,
 Hypocrisy and falsehood ! What to me,
 The pride of empire, or the bliss of love ?
 Still in my cup this spotted adder lies ;
 Taints ev'ry draught that fortune can bestow,
 Unsceptres royalty and blasts enjoyment !

*Exit.**End of the first Act.*

ACT

ACT II.

Zulima and Zeyda.

ZULIMA.

WHY hast thou call'd me, Zeyda, from my woe?
I am in love with sorrows; I could fit
The live-long day, and ruminat upon them:
Methinks there is a dignity in sorrow,
Lord of its sighs, and conqueror of the world.
What tidings has my faithful Zeyda learn'd,
That can be ought to me? they cannot change
The colour of my fortune! Speak, my friend;
There's matter in thine eye, reveal it boldly;
It cannot fright me. I am lost alike
To hope and fear!

ZEYDA.

Did ever Barbarossa
Tell thee, the manner of my brother's death?
By pestilence, was it not?

ZULIMA.

Ah! why that question?
Yet 'tis an honest memory of thy brother,
And I wou'd cherish it. It was, my Zeyda,

ZEYDA.

Was he particular in his tale?—

ZULIMA.

Alas!
But too particular! Yet much I ask'd;
And tho' it seem'd to hurt him, for his voice
Grew fainter as he spoke, I press'd the subject
With eager repetition of my questions.
O! had his Zulima been there to watch him,
When all his pale attendants stood aloof;
To read the wishes of his languid eye,
And suck the poison from his quivering lips!
The kind infection might have reach'd my heart;
One common grave had held us, and our souls,
Upon some viewless chariot of the sky,
Together reach'd the bless'd abodes of heaven!

ZEYDA.

3EYDA

I know not what to think; were it not strange
To hear Arrafid his'd? ~~and~~ again and over
again and over **ZULEMA.**

ZULONN

~~14013~~ ~~non~~ ~~of~~ ~~Ara~~ ~~fid~~ ~~liv'd~~ ~~it~~

Why beats my heart as if it were possible?

What do they mean? _____

REV. A.

~~And~~ 'Tis but a little space

As in the windings of the palace garden at sunset
Pensive I walk'd, I mark'd a Georgian slave
Watering the fun-burnt flowers: his look had some-
thing of

Of better days int. Round, as I approach'd,

He cast his eye, and saw his fellows distant:

"Lady," he said, "if rightly I have trac'd."

"Resembling features to the prince I loved,"

"Thou art Araffid's sister. Alone,

"Of all the attendants on his flight, remain,

"When to the Sultan's false pretended friendship, A

"His cause he trusted. Know, not Honour'd Lady

"Thy brother lives, tho' far remov'd from Tunis."

"Within a prison's hateful walls he bides

"His days in wretchedness."—He won't have ended

This tale of wonder, when he saw approach his

The watchful Hassan. At the sight of him

Sudden he stop'd, and whisper'd, "Haffan comes:

"I have no time for more! good night! good night!"

"Of all the followers of the Messiah, broad eyed I was

"Heli alone hath virtue to be trifled;

"Your noble brother knew him" he said, "he said he would

The haughty chief drew near, and tharby brider'd

The Georgia to be gone.

gone. —
Zinc

Arctic lining

—Aland living!
Hear my head swims! Alive! Insignificant! Hello!

Speak it again: He lived, the brother lives!

Speak it again: He lives! ~~the~~ brother lives!
Shouldn't think he true? Where is the Georgian now?

—where is
That's

ZEYDA.
When the arrangement of the French to fight

When the amazement of the words he spoke
Had left me dumb, he said, "I feel that I

Had left me power to think, again I thought, and I
 Had power to think, again I thought, and I

ZULIMA.

Not to be found!
 There are some things that press upon my memory
 With dreadful comments on them. Yet the Sultan's
 Reported brave and generous! ———

ZEYDA.

——— I am lost

In doubt and wonder! On the death of princes
 Suspicion ever dwells, and babbling rumour.

My nature is not jealous; yet the slave
 Could hardly be deceiv'd. ———

ZULIMA.

——— Zeyda, to you

The thought is guiltless; but to me! to me! —

The wife of Barbarossa! 'tis distraction.

"Heli alone has virtue to be trusted."

Know'st thou that Heli? ———

ZEYDA.

——— I have sometimes seen him.

A melancholy man, with thoughtful pace

Measuring the palace-walks. When I had fail'd

To find the Georgian, I employ'd a slave

To seek this Heli, and conduct him hither.

ZULIMA.

Would he were come. ———

ZEYDA.

——— It grates my soul to think

So basely of mankind. The Sultan's noble;

But I have heard that in the minds of princes,

By custom sanctify'd, and rules of state,

Inhuman maxims dwell, disown'd by Virtue.

Enter a Slave, who speaks to Zeyda.

SLAVE.

Lady, the chief you sought attends your pleasure.

ZEYDA.

Give him admittance. ———

Exit Slave.

ZULIMA.

——— How my bosom throbs!

Enter Heli.

ZEYDA.

Heli approach: look not so distant on us;

We know thy worth, and hold thee for our friend.

ZULIMA.

ZULIMA.

Thou wert Araffid's friend ; for that I thank thee.
Thou see'st the mourners of Araffid's death
Implore thy friendship now.—

HELI.

—What I can give,
The memory of Araffid may command.
Excuse my boldness ; art not thou that fair-one
With whom the gentle Prince's heart was twin'd,
Ev'n from his infant years ?—

ZULIMA.

—Alas ! I am.

HELI.

I've heard him talk of thee. His own afflictions,
Smiling amidst the anguish of his heart,
He suffer'd bravely ; but the name of Zulima
Undid his patience. He would grasp my hand—
I th' ecstasy of grief, lift up his eyes
Wildly to heav'n, and curse his wayward fate,
That sunk with him the lovely Zulima :
Then, when his gushing tears had calm'd his passion,
Kneel down, and pray unnumber'd blessings on thee.

ZULIMA.

Bless'd be the tongue that talks of my Araffid !
Speak, gentle stranger : tho' it tear my heart,
I'll thank thee for the tale —

ZEYDA.

—You lov'd Araffid ;
You saw him die.—

HELI.

—I did not.—

ZULIMA.

—Ha ! you did not !

HELI.

It moves you, Lady ; think no more of that :
You are too tender for a theme so sad.

ZULIMA.

No ; I would hear it all ; I have been us'd
To speak of horrors.—

HELI.

—If Araffid liv'd—

B

ZULIMA.

ZULIMA.

Ha! if he liv'd!—

HELI.

—Thy grief were torture to him.

Try to forget it.—

ZULIMA.

—Thou didst say he liv'd!

HELI.

Wou'd that he did, and these white locks were laid
Low in the dust as he is!—

ZULIMA.

—In the dust!

Arassid is no more then?—

ZEYDA.

—Check thy transport.

And let thy Zeyda question. Mark me, Heli.
Tho' long undoubted has the tale been held,
That by infection at the Sultan's court
Arassid died, there are some rumours now
That speak a different story: I have heard
That yet he lives, tho' Treason's arm hath crush'd
His hope of empire.—

HELI.

—Treason!

ZEYDA.

—Foulest treason!

Treason in Friendship's garb.—

HELI.

—Has this been told?

ZEYDA.

It has.—

HELI.

—Then he who told it has deceiv'd you.

ZULIMA.

A Georgian Slave here in the palace-garden,
Who toils his life in chains, to Zeyda told it:
He was Arassid's once.—

HELI.

—To vulgar minds

Nothing is so delightful as to wonder.
And hence they ever lend an easy faith

To

To marvellous recitals. But these eyes
Saw to the earth Arassid's cold remains,
And wept upon his grave. I would not wake
The memory of your sorrows.—

ZULIMA.

—Stay and speak them.

Their sting is pleasant : thou canst feel them too.

ZEYDA.

Surrounded by a rude unthinking band,
Whose ruthless trade is battle, upon thee
We lean for friendship, Heli, and protection.

HELI.

You see me here, a soldier leagu'd with soldiers,
—And so I am ;—but yet I boast a heart
The friend of justice and humanity.

ZULIMA.

Stranger, I thank thee. I am not accusom'd
To judge of men ; and seeming fair, I'm told,
Will bad men often look ; but gentler far
Is thy appearance than the fierce associates
Thy master loves ; thine eye has pity in't,
And sheds some comfort on a wretch forlorn,
Unus'd to feel it. May the righteous Allah
For her requite thee.—

HELI.

—Lady, on the deeds

Of virtue and benevolence await
Rewards unask'd. I have myself been try'd
With keen adversity ; the only bliss
That Fortune yet hath left me,—conscious virtue.—
To-day, with more than wonted care, the guards
Are marshall'd round the city : Barbarossa
Himself enjoin'd attention to their leaders.
'Tis said, from rumours of a Spanish force,
Embark'd for Afric. It is now my charge,
To view their posts ; and Hassan guards the palace.
The next command is mine ; then, when the round
Of Hassan comes, expect me to return.
I may have tidings for your private ear,
That much import you ; but his jealous mind
Wou'd draw suspicions from our conference.

B 2

The

28 THE PRINCE OF TUNIS,

The hour is come : be counsel'd by your servant ;
Beware of Hassan ; tho' a soldier's plainness
Dwell in his looks, yet, subtle and designing,
He marks, unheeded, every smallest note,
That shews the heart of unsuspecting natures.

ZULIMA.

Wise was that counsel ; but to me 'twas needless :
My soul abhors him. Barbarous as he is,
And train'd to horrid war, I yet might bear him ;
But it was he, whose serpent-tongue announc'd.
Amidst his master's desolating conquest,
The death of my Arassid. With that form,
Dreadfully fierce, and smear'd with clotted blood,
Still in my dreams he rises to my view,
And haunts me with the horrors of the past.

HELI.

Look not as if you mark'd him with suspicion ;
For Barbarossa—but they come,—farewell !

ZULIMA.

Nay ; I would shun their presence. Stay and meet
them.

At the next watch remember we expect thee.

Exeunt Zulima and Zeyda.

Enter Barbarossa and Hassan.

BARBAROSSA.

Was't not the Princess ?—

HASSAN.

—Ha ! and Zulima !

BARBAROSSA.

Heli, your age is priviledg'd ; in another,
That interview were ill.

HELI.

—By chance, my Lord,

I met the Princess, and your beauteous bride.

BARBAROSSA.

Nay, seek not an excuse ; you need it not.
I know your virtue, and am glad to find,
That Zulima can leave her griefs awhile,
To talk with man. In time, she may be won,
To think of life, of love, and Barbarossa.

HELI.

HELI.

Women are soft by nature ; and of women,
The gentlest she. But now she talk'd of woe,
And left me, to indulge it.

BARBAROSSA.

——'Tis a weakness ;
But love's unus'd to chide. My tidings, Heli,
Suit not a woman's ear. In Doria's gallies,
The Spaniards are embark'd.——

HELI.

——Make they for Tunis ?

BARBAROSSA.

Ay. Let them find us wakeful,——

HASSAN

——Haughty Charles
Thinks Europe narrow for his great ambition ;
And now beneath another clime he comes,
To scatter desolation.——

BARBAROSSA.

——Let him come.

I trust, the followers of my former glory,
With Tunis and the Sultan for our friends,
May beard those Christian dogs. My brother's blood,
Whose body blacken'd in the burning sun,
The desert eagles fed on, cries revenge ;
And, like the lion from his tufted den,
Awakes the sleeping fury of my soul !

HASSAN.

The Algerine, who, in a light shallôop,
With some companions of his, slavery 'scap'd,
Saw the young monarch, on a fiery steed,
Marshal his shouting troops : beside him stood
A reverend priest, who, with a silver cross
Their standards touching, call'd upon his Prophet,
To bless the chosen warriors of the church,
And pour destruction on its foes profane.

BARBAROSSA.

Curse on those lying priests ; their Prophet's words,
They tell us, scatter'd meekness as they fell ;
Yet have those hooded slaves, for ages past,
Let loose the havock of relentless war
On ev'ry human tribe, whose honest minds

30 THE PRINCE OF TUNIS,

Refuse assent to some unmeaning jargon,
Some creed they hallow with their sainted strings.
But talking is no duty of a soldier:
When we shall see those holy ensigns wave
On Afric's parching air, our swords shall try
Their benediction's force.—Be careful, Heli;
This round is yours. Here in the lap of ease
Our soldiers lie too long. In peopled cities,
Infectious pleasure blunts the edge of war.
Command your veterans nearer to the palace;
Myself will view their files. The word is, *Fortune.*
Exit Heli.

Hassan, thy looks are dark. Is Charles so mighty,
That, by the very sounding of his name,
Our eyes should lose their lustre? I have seen thee,
To hear of perilous deeds, on tiptoe stand;
And, with your cheeks on fire, buffet the air,
With a brave longing for the promis'd danger!

HASSAN.

Let christians run a tilt, and call it glory;
And the trim youngster in some fair-one's eye,
Who pants to see his boldness, break a spear;
But we, whose beards become us, know that valour,
Without its use and purpose, is but sound.
We fight with Spain, while Treason at our back
Is nurs'd in safety; nay, its poisonous brood
Lives in our ranks, and Barbarossa trusts them,
I fear me, most unwisely.—

BARBAROSSA.

—How is this?

HASSAN.

That Heli, honest Heli; he whose care
Visits our posts, and burnishes our arms,
That in the lap of peace have rusted vilely,—

BARBAROSSA.

Why, what of him?—

HASSAN.

—No matter; we are safe.

The man is virtuous; 'twere the worst of envy
Did Hassan but suspect him.—

BARBAROSSA.

BARBAROSSA.

——Your suspicions

May stretch too far. I have ta'en note of Heli :
 He once had wrongs of me, and bore them mildly ;
 And since I try'd to blot them out by favour,
 His faith has been approv'd——

HASSAN.

He has had wrongs,
 And born them mildly. So do wise men ever,
 When most they hope revenge. The deepest hatred
 Whets, like some forest-boar, its fangs in secret ;
 And, when it wounds, is mortal. I have mark'd him :
 He is too much in love with melancholy,
 And fullen thought, soon to forget his wrongs ;
 Nay, his best praise, his virtue, is a foe
 To Barbarossa's cause. His virtue told
 The chiefs of Tunis of Arassid's murder.
 His virtue, with the sceptre of her fathers,
 Would grace the hand of Zeyda. Precious virtue !
 That Barbarossa thanks it for his ruin.

BARBAROSSA.

Arassid's murder ! Ha ! Did Heli know it ?

HASSAN.

He did : it is the curse of daring deeds,
 To pause in acting them : but half resolv'd,
 Ambition striving with that foolish weakness,
 That baby conscience, that unfinews valour,
 You wish'd to have this Heli on your side,
 To sanctify the deed : he saw your purpose,
 And would not understand you : it was done
 By more determin'd souls. The honest Heli
 Was silent then, and wept upon his grave.
 'Twas but to-day I try'd him with the mention
 Of young Arassid's death ; I mark'd him closely ;
 The workings of his soul denied him speech ;
 His blood made fiery courses on his cheeks,
 And to the heavens he cast a furious look,
 As if he would have borrow'd lightning thence
 To blast me with his eye ; then turn'd, and left me,
 To hide his passion.——

B 4

BARBAROSSA.

THE PRINCE OF TUNIS,

BARBAROSSA.

—Whither wouldst thou lead me?

HASSAN.

The chiefs of Tunis pay their court to Heli,
 As if he were their King ; to thee they bow.
 But with indignant, pride scorning the fear
 That checks it as it swells. But Heli's honest :
 And did he say your Prince Arassid fell
 By Barbarossa's means, it were but truth ;
 And did he whisper vengeance, it were virtue !—
 I am not much a coward ; I can die
 But once, like other men : but I wou'd fall
 Warm, like a soldier, in some field of glory,
 Not sleep and have my throat cut.—'Tis unmanly.

BARBAROSSA.

Where wouldst thou point my purpose ? I am
 chang'd

From what I have been : once these words of thine
 Had scatter'd death where-e'er suspicion led ;
 But I am weary of that savage prudence
 That drowns out fear in blood ; fain wou'd I try
 The milder safety of indulgent power,
 That melts the hatred of its foes away
 With generous confidence.—

HASSAN.

—It will not be,—

Ambition and revenge are native here,
 The passions of the clime ; in other lands
 They call them vices : Hassan knows them better ;
 Success has made them virtues ; and the Prince
 Who'd rule by gentle means, shou'd be immortal
 No gentleness can grow in Afric's soil.

BARBAROSSA.

Yet Afric's soil has rear'd a Zulima.

HASSAN.

She's but a woman.—

BARBAROSSA.

—Ay, and such a woman !

Thou'st seen me fight (I am no boaster) bravely ;—
 'Tis but a tiger's praise : this woman, Hassan,
 Hath taught me nobler virtues : there is something

Of

Of tender dignity in Zulima,
That makes the pride and fierceness of a soldier
Bend like a child before it : since I saw her,
I have been taught to hate my former self
In loving her. This Heli is her friend.
But now he left her. Should my jealous fears
Blot the first hours that call her mine with blood,
With Heli's blood ?——

HASSAN.

——But now did Heli leave her ?
Perhaps this Heli had some tale to tell
To make her love his master.——

BARBAROSSA.

——Love his master !

HASSAN.

Women love brave men ever ; he was brave,
Who sent Arassid to the land of peace,
Yet courted Zulima,——

BARBAROSSA.

——How ! how ! Arassid !
Curs'd be his tongue ; he durst not tell her that.

HASSAN.

I know not that he did. We came, 'tis true,
Somewhat abruptly on them. Should she weep
For her Arassid, Heli is too gentle
To talk on subjects that might grieve a lady.
He may be trusted.——

BARBAROSSA.

——Thou distract'st my soul !
I am too young in virtue to withstand thee ;—
And yet I will. Tempt me no further, Hassan,
Till thou hast proof to make my vengeance just.
Be watchful still ; and when occasion calls,
We'll strike together, and the proudest treason
Shall shrink before us. We have fought too long
In rotten causes ; yet has conquest smil'd
Upon our valour ; in an honest cause
The sword of Barbarossa shall command it.

Exeunt.

End of the Second Act.

B 5

A C T

A C T. III.

ZULIMA.

FRRIEND of the troubled soul ! whose lenient hand
 Smooths the dishevell'd locks of wild despair,
 And dries the never ceasing tear of Woe !
 Thou rest of sleepless Misery, gentle Death !
 Why in the midst of gay-illumin'd halls,
 Where Mirth unthinking leads her festive train,
 Why dost thou press thy dark and hateful form,
 To dash untasted bowls from Pleasure's lip ;
 Yet oft invoc'd, as with a lovers call,
 Who chides the lazy moments as they pass,
 Com'st thou not, partial power ! to hearts like mine,
 That woo thee to approach ? Eventful days
 Of sorrow have I seen ; but now methinks
 I shudder at existence, as if life
 Had in its bosom deeper curses left
 Than all the past ! My boding fancy sees
 The storm that gathers round, and yet the grave,
 The shelter of the wretched, is deny'd me.

Enter Zeyda.

ZEYDA.

Too faithful to thy sorrow ! Thus I said
 Will Zulima be found, when Barbarossa
 Press'd me to wean thee from thy ceaseless woe,
 And tell thee of his love.—

ZULIMA.

—His love, my Zeyda !

Tell him how ill return'd : wou'd that his pride
 Cou'd teach him to forget me.—

ZEYDA.

—Still unwearied

He talks of thee : he says he loves thy grief,
 Thy honest grief ; but now he clasp'd my hand,
 A tear was on his cheek ! Zeyda, he said,
 Perhaps I am unworthy of her love ;

Perhaps

Perhaps I have been — but — he stopp'd, and
heav'd

A sigh so piteous, that my heart forgot
My father's sceptre, and was quite his friend.

ZULIMA.

Sorrows in long possession of the soul,
Without a rival hold their fullen reign ;
Else should I sometimes think upon his kindness.

ZEYDA.

There is in love a secret charm, that smooths :
The rougher natures of the tyrant man.
Inur'd to arms, impetuous, fierce, and proud,
Was Barbarossa, till he saw my friend :
Now, with the tenderest respectful eye,
He seems to watch the sentence of your lips,
And take his wishes from them. —

ZULIMA.

— Oh ! too much.

It grates my honesty to owe his love
Returns I cannot make. How hard the task
That falsehood chuses ! Oh ! how blest the paths
Of genuine Truth, and Virtue unalloy'd !
The wife of Barbarossa is a sound
That carries treason with it : I am 'tangl'd
In ev'ry thought ; assist me to subdue
The conscious pride which ill endures the form
Of duty and regard. — That cup, it seems,

[Pointing to a cup which stands on a table beside her.]

Hath custom added to the marriage-rites,
And joyful brides present it to their lords,
The earliest offering of their wedded love.

ZEYDA.

Such is the custom ; 'tis a quaint resemblance
Of sharing life together. Half the draught
The bridegroom drinks, and then returns her gift
With some rich present grac'd, and bids her drain
The beverage to their loves —

ZULIMA.

— Ha ! is it thus ?

Thou dost not know, my Zeyda, what my fancy
Had started as you spoke : but thoughts of horror

Are

36 THE PRINCE OF TUNIS,

Are music to my soul:—If half the draught,
The share of wretched Zulima were poison!—
Then might she sleep in quiet.—

ZEYDA.

—Shun, my friend,
Those dark imaginations. Tho' on clouds
Her pencil draws them, yet will fancy gaze
Upon their forms, till Reason falls before them,
And horrid actings follow.—

ZULIMA.

—Fear not, Zeyda :
I have been try'd in grief ; what now should come
That can unfix my soul ?—Did Heli say ?—
Yes, Heli said, it rushes on my mind,
“ I may have tidings for your private ear,
“ That much import you.”—In the words of doubt
Dwell shadowy hopes, and fears without a form !
Sure I am fall'n beneath the shafts of Fortune,
And yet I fear again.—

ZEYDA.

—True to his hour,
Behold! the chief approaches.—

Enter Heli.

ZULIMA.

—In his brow
I mark the dwelling of some tragic tale
That sleeps amidst its gloom —

HELI.

—There may it sleep,
My Honour'd Lady. Heli wou'd not add
Ev'n to the sorrows of his rankest foe.
'Tis not a woman's tale ; it shou'd be told
To steely-hearted warriors, whose hot rage
Might dry their tears, and kindle brave revenge.

ZULIMA.

And dwells not courage but in fields of war ?
Heli, the strife of sorrows in the soul
Has taught this bosom strength ! —

HELI.

—You lov'd Araffid.—

ZULIMA.

ZULIMA.

I did,—tho' Barbarossa is my Lord —
 Why flits that shade of horror on thy face?
 He was Araffid's friend. —

HELI.

—Urge me no farther.

ZULIMA.

I charge thee, speak.—You pity me in silence;
 But most unhappy does that silence make me.

HELI.

Heli wou'd wish thee happy, if he cou'd.

ZULIMA.

No wish can make me happy; but the wretched
 Delight to know the deepest of their griefs.
 I am too hard of heart. Couldst thou speak that,
 Whose magic torpor would benumb my blood,
 Thou wert the best of friends. —

ZEYDA.

—Thou see'st before thee

Araffid's sister. Was Araffid wrong'd,
 She claims thy tale. The memory of the fall'n
 May yet have friends, and Zeyda knows her duty.

ZULIMA.

Which of Araffid's friends revere it more
 Than Zulima? But Heli's colder prudence
 Would stifle the remembrance —

HELI.

—Wouldst thou know it? —

Think of thy vows; it touches Barbarossa.

ZULIMA.

I give them to the winds; the laws of Virtue
 Are the first ties of Nature. —

HELI.

—Oh! Araffid!

How much were those, were all the sacred bonds
 Of friendship, justice, hospitable faith,
 Broken to thee —

ZULIMA.

—Go on. —

HELI.

—The Sultan's court,

From

38 THE PRINCE OF TUNIS,

From treason's fury, with a Prince's welcome,
 Receiv'd Araffid. Open and sincere,
 The generous Prince, with unsuspecting heart,
 Reveal'd the state of Tunis, torn by faction,
 Her heroes wasted by internal war,
 Ambition's easy prey. The crafty Vizir
 Embrac'd the smooth occasion, and perverted
 The Sultan's purpose from Araffid's cause,
 To seize himself on Tunis. Then at the Porte
 Was Barbarossa; whose renown in war,
 And stedfast hatred of the Christian name,
 Endear'd him to the Sultan. He was chosen
 To lead the enterprize. This villain, Hassan—

ZULIMA.

Hassan again! beneath that name are hid
 Demons of death and horror.—

HELI.

——He suggested
 The scheme at first; and to compleat its baseness,
 Wrought upon Barbarossa's lust of pow'r,
 That fear'd a rival in the hapless Prince,
 To——

ZULIMA.

——What?——

HELI.

——You're mov'd too much.—

ZEYDA.

——O! murderous villain!

ZULIMA.

Support me, Heli, speak—He did not kill him?

HELI.

A ruffian, brib'd to execute his purpose,
 Stole on his sleep, and stabb'd him.—

ZEYDA.

——Pow'rs of Heav'n!
 Where were the lightnings of your justice then?

ZULIMA.

Soft! I wou'd breathe a moment!—Barbarossa!
 My curses blast him!—Is he not—my husband?
 The murderer of my love!—see how he glares,
 And points his wounds, whose purple mouths unfold
 Their

Their lips afresh, and cry aloud for vengeance!—
Hast thou no dagger for a hand resolv'd?

HELI.

There may be daggers plac'd in faithful hands,
When justice shall demand them.—

ZEYDA.

——Barbarossa

Sits on the throne of Tunis! Barbarossa,
Deck'd in my brother's blood! Is there no voice
That calls for justice there?—

ZULIMA.

——It shall be done!—

Yet spare me, Zeyda; coward as I am,
Beset with complicated horrors round!—
Teach me the rage unquenchable, that burns
In more determined bosoms!—Yes, he dies!
Arassid bids it.—

HELI.

——Let Arassid's friend

Presume to counsel. Rash unguided anger
Destroys its purpose. Tunis wants not friends,
Deliberate, yet resolv'd. To me intrust
The means of cooler and more certain vengeance.

[*A flourish of trumpets.*]

But hark! he comes! 'tis Barbarossa's trumpet.

ZULIMA.

Thus let me meet him whilst my bosom bursts
With speechless wrongs.—

HELI.

——Let me intreat thee, Lady,

To shun his presence now. By all that's holy,
Arassid's memory shall have ample justice.

ZEYDA.

It shall, by Heav'n it shall! A woman's arm,
Weak as it is, Despair and reckless rage
Shall teach revenge.—

ZULIMA.

——That vengeance pour on me.

No wretch profan'd the memory of thy brother
Like Zulima! How fresh these fingers look,
That clasp'd his murd'rer's hand! Teach me to curse,
That

40 THE PRINCE OF TUNIS,

That leprosy may scald them, till they rot,
A monument of horror! Come, my Zeyda,
Support the labouring fury in my breast,
Blow all its fires, and point them to revenge.

Exeunt.

Enter Hassan.

HASSAN.

Heli, by me, has Barbarossa order'd,
The palace to be private,——

HELI.

——I obey.

HASSAN.

The guard is your's. Let none approach his presence.

A special envoy from the Porte arriv'd,
Demands his ear in secret.

Exit Heli.

With what indignant eyes he looks upon me,
As if, already master of our fate,
He call'd this enemy of virtue forth
To answer for his crimes!——

Enter Barbarossa.

BARBAROSSA.

——My faithful Hassan!

Where is the Sultan's messenger?——

HASSAN

——He comes,

Conducted by Suladdin. Whence the reason
He holds this cautious secrecy, I know not;
But he receiv'd me with his vizer on,
And look'd as if he doubted my attendants
When he unmask'd.——

BARBAROSSA.

'Tis but a trick of state,

To awe the vulgar with mysterious seeming,
Know you his name and quality?——

HASSAN.

——His name

Is Zatma; and this writing of the Vizir's,
That gives his delegated power in Afric,
Names him the friend of Mirza. From our conference,
I learn'd

I learn'd no farther of him ; for he seem'd
Niggard of talk, and mark'd me with an eye
Of squint suspicion ; yet he looks too young
To have been vers'd in man, and draw mistrust
From long-experienc'd falsehood.—But he comes.

BARBAROSSA.

His port is noble ; there's a shew of honour,
Which some men bear about them for a title
To claim our love unknown, and such has Zatma.
Suladdin enters with Zatma.

SULADDIN.

Zatma, my Lord, the envoy of the Sultan—

ZATMA.

If I mistake not, this is Barbarossa.
By me the Sultan greets him. Fame has talk'd
Loud of his deeds ; and to the general voice
The Ruler of the Faithful adds his own,
To crown the praise he merits.—

BARBAROSSA.

—He o'er-rates

The poor ability I have to serve him.
I boast a faithful heart ; the rest is Fortune's.

ZATMA.

He knows and values it. The Spaniard Charles,
Who proudly stands his opposite in glory,
Sated with blood of Christians, now collects
His scatter'd soldiers from their former fields
To pour them upon Afric. But the Sultan
Relies unmov'd on thee, and bids me promise
The speediest succour. Hold the winds but true,
In two days hence, a chosen Turkish band
Shall join the strength of Tunis.—

BARBAROSSA.

—I had hopes

To meet those Christians, with an honest trust
In some brave comrades of my battles past,
With Tunis to assist them : but this aid
Is precious, as it shews the Sultan's friendship ;
Nor that alone.—Suladdin, see the guards
Plac'd in their different stations ; as for Heli,
We need him in the palace.—

Exit Suladdin.

—Now

——Now we speak
To faithful ears. This Hassan, noble Zatma,
Is but another copy of myself,
And knows my nearest counsels.——

ZATMA.

——I have heard
Of such a man; his valour is unquestion'd;
So is his faith: the friends of Barbarossa
With all his followers true and brave as Hassan.

BARBAROSSA.

Then some of them are doubted?——

ZATMA.

——No; as yet
I hope them faithful. But in delicate times,
When our best caution is beset with danger,
There's need of trusty friendships. I have heard
The chiefs of Tunis bear unwillingly
The sway of Barbarossa. Here, in Afric,
Has Discontent ne'er mutter'd what it would?
Or have its murmurs never reach'd the palace?

HASSAN.

They have; but Barbarossa would be noble
Beyond the line of prudence. I have warn'd him,
As yet unheeded: tho' it carries danger,
It flatters me to find my fears confirm'd.
But they are past conjecture: I have trac'd them;
And shortly, if I err not, they will rise
To proof undoubted.——

ZATMA.

——From the Porte I came,
Commission'd with assurances of friendship
To Barbarossa. Let me aid your search.
Young as I am, I have not wanted practice
In policy of empire: Should I seem
The friend of factious Tunis, hear in secret
The murmurs of her spleen, and promise justice
Ev'n in the Sultan's name, to heal her wrongs;
This would run deeper than a thousand spies
To bare the plots of Treason.——

BARBAROSSA.

——'Tis a thought
That

That bears the fairest semblance : I would trace
Suspicion to its source, nor blindly strike
With undistinguish'd vengeance.—

HASSAN.

—This is well.

But let me point its purpose. There are some
Mistrust hath mark'd with danger, tho' we rank them
Amongst our friends : the very man who holds
His guard upon the palace where we stand,
Is leagu'd with traitors.—

BARBAROSSA.

—Heli! —

HASSAN.

—Yes, if signs

Most palpable to reason may be trusted.

ZATMA.

This Heli I have heard of: he is one,
Or rumour has deceiv'd me, who repeats
The apothegms of virtue for the rule
That guides his actions ; temperate in his life,
And cool to passion.—

HASSAN.

—Therefore he's unsafe.

The people love him for that shew of worth ;
And he who has not pleasure for a motive,
Has some of darker colours.—

ZATMA.

—I will sound him.

He was, if I mistake not, once the friend
Of young Arassid.—

HASSAN.

—Yes ; I well remember

When to the Porte Arassid fled for shelter,
Sequester'd from the public eye he liv'd,
Nor saw even us, tho' chosen by the Sultan
To lead his cause in Afric ; but this Heli
To his most private hours of cloister'd sadness
Receiv'd admittance.—

ZATMA.

—That may furnish means

To draw him from his covert : when the night

Is

44 THE PRINCE OF TUNIS,

Is farther worn I'll meet him ; let your guards
Have orders for the purpose, that I pass
Unquestion'd in my walks.—

BARBAROSSA.

—This signet guides you
[Giving him a signet.]

At pleasure thro' the palace. From the garden
A secret passage leads to my apartment.
My eunuchs know the seal, and will obey you.

ZATMA.

I shall not need their guidance. When a boy,
I dwelt some years in Tunis : by a kinsman,
Whose office had its station in the palace,
I was brought often-hither, and the place
Still lives in my remembrance. One thing more,
And I'm instructed.—Lives there not in Tunis,
Or was the story false, a beauteous maid
Arassid lov'd ? her name was Zulima :
Has she no friends ? or are they Barbarossa's ?

HASSAN.

Talk not of her. There's something in her name
That blunts the honest spirit of a soldier ;
And Barbarossa sighs a warlike soul
To softness at her feet.—But soon her beauty
Will satiate when possess'd.—

ZATMA.

—Ha!—

BARBAROSSA.

—Nay, no more on't ;

'Tis a weak theme.—

HASSAN.

—Forgive a soldier's bluntness.
You're thoughtful, Sir—[To Zatma.]

ZATMA.

—I was but just revolving
The instructions you have given. This same Heli—

HASSAN.

Is full of danger,—

ZATMA.

—I will search his heart.

BARBAROSSA.

BARBAROSSA.

I'd have it search'd. His semblance is a just one;
And tho' (I speak it with a blushing cheek)
I have not always ~~behold~~ held so fair a purpose,
Yet now I would be tender where the course
Of purple vengeance led. The heart's great lord
That speaks within us, tho' Ambition's trump
May drown his voice a while, will yet be heard:
Upon his suffrage still the soul depends,
Shrinks at his frown, or triumphs in his praise.

*Exeunt.**End of the Third Act.*

ACT

ACT IV.

Barbarossa carrying a paper, and Hassan.

HASSAN.

AND now at last, when Hassan's faith has trac'd
That proof of treason, has his master thrown
The milky disposition from his breast
That pleads for mercy?—

BARBAROSSA.

—I had not believ'd it
But for this proof. I know the writing well;
'Tis Heli's.—

HASSAN.

—Yes, the honest, virtuous Heli!
Leagu'd with the villains who betrayed their Prince,
And now, with pious vengeance for his wrongs,
Betray their Conqueror. Why, this is man,
And Hassan knows him. With the sounds of Fame,
Of Right, of Freedom, talking like a God,
He hides the baseness of a rotten heart.
The slave who brought me that engag'd ere now
To meet me here. I will not trust too much
To him whom gold can win. When he returns,
If he can tell enough to lead my steps
A little farther, I will seal his lips:
I have a dagger here, that has no tongue
To speak the service it performs in secret.

BARBAROSSA.

Nay, not so bloodily: with Heli's death
Their plot shall wither; and the few, whose names
This scrawl has mentioned as the deepest traitors,
We will make sure: I pause upon the rest.

HASSAN.

Did not your plan of clemency restrain him,
Hassan would say, that every traitor left
Was a new root for treachery to spring from.

BARBAROSSA.

BARBAROSSA.

They cannot hurt us. When the stem is lopt,
These little branches wither and decay.
Besides our proper ministers of pow'r,
The Turkish force will hold us doubly safe.
Suladdin says, that when his watch was chang'd,
As, by the setting sun, he mark'd the sea,
Dim on its level line, he saw arise
Objects that seem'd a fleet, and grew upon him
Till darkness shut them out. If those the gallies
Sent by the Sultan, (as I trust they are),
By the first dawning light they land in Tunis.

HASSAN.

And when shall Heli die?—

BARBAROSSA.

—I'd strike him boldly,
To shew that justice waits upon my will
With open visage, and disdains to use
The secret bow-string. When the marriage draught
From Zulima is brought me, call for Heli,
And kill him, like a foldier, in his arms.
This letter, in the presence of my guards,
Myself will read, and shew them why he fell.

HASSAN.

I like not much this ostentatious killing;
A dagger would do better when he sleeps;
The soldiers love him.—

BARBAROSSA.

—And they love their master.

We have been fellows in some glorious fields;
I fear not them.—

HASSAN.

—Whatever men may do,
The wise should fear each several one among them.
For wants reliev'd, for dangerous duty shar'd,
Regards him as a brother; and I've seen him
Fight, like some fabled chief, with countless numbers,
Till his arm tir'd with slaughter. I would slay him
With little danger.—Soft! It has been sometimes
A mark of honour, from a warlike prince,
Upon some favourite leader to bestow

The

48 THE PRINCE OF TUNIS,

The bridal beverage. Let this simple form
Pronounce his fate; and while he drinks, my sword
Shall search his bosom.——

BARBAROSSA.

——Be 'it as thou wilt:

I am not want to look so deep for means
To strike a foe.—This is my wedding-night;
But the young loves are scar'd by thoughts of death;
Nor have I conquer'd yet Remorse so much,
But that I tremble when I look on her
That weeps Araffid! But—I had forgotten—
I would not have her seen by Zeyda now;
Zeyda may know too much. Give orders, Hassan,
That none, except th' attendants on her person,
May have access to Zulima.

Enter a Soldier.

SOLDIER.

My Lord, there is a slave without, who says
He comes to Hassan.——

BARBAROSSA.

——Let him be admitted. [*Exit Soldier.*]

Enter a Slave.

SLAVE.

Health to my Lord! his slave awaits his pleasure.

HASSAN.

Thy tidings are not wont to need a preface;
Speak them without it.—Met the chiefs of Tunis?

SLAVE.

To-night they have not; yet 'tis something past
Their wonted hour of meeting.——

HASSAN.

——Have you learn'd
The names of those associates?

SLAVE.

——Those alone
Describ'd in Heli's paper. In the night
They come; their faces muffled, and their cloaks,
A noteless habit.—I will try to learn them;
But they begin to doubt me, from that letter
Of Heli's lost.——

HASSAN.

HASSAN.

— Then Heli has been with them ?

SLAVE.

I know not that. I heard them talk of him,
And boast his valour and his skill in war.

HASSAN.

No matter ; go, and swear thy faith unshaken.
Learn if they meet ; and, if thou can'st, return
Before the watch of midnight. — —

[Exit Slave.

BARBAROSSA.

— Then we wait not.

For Zatma's search. — —

HASSAN.

— I would not trust to Zatma,
Young as he is, too subtle for a boy,
And not so firm as man. I saw his face
Cross'd with some lines, that show'd a wavering soul
Amidst his proffer'd service. — —

BARBAROSSA.

— Zatma too!

For us mistrust and fear have mark'd the world ! —
Why do we bustle for the seats of pow'r,
To sit with torture there ? — Lives there indeed,
Or is it but the dream of weaker minds,
Some genuine blifs, that dwells with humble virtue ?
Perhaps there may ; for Barbarossa feels,
Crown'd with its wish, the toils of vice are vain.

*Exeunt.**Enter Heli.*

HELI.

'Tis near the time ! and expectation throbs
In burning bosoms for the sign of action !
If yet may Reason pause upon the deed,
Are these the means of virtue ? Muff'd Treason
Is not of Virtue's colour. Much I fear,
The paths of Falsehood, tho' they lead to justice,
Are not approv'd of Heav'n. — Yet in this cause
Araffid bids me strike ! I vow'd revenge
Upon Araffid's grave. — The pride of right
Rose in my bosom, when the general voice

C

Call

Call'd for the aid of Heli to revenge him.
 I know not what—there are some great events
 Beyond the search of cool deliberate Reason;
 And, 'tangl'd as I am amidst the toils
 Of fateful peril, I would hush its voice.—
 Ha! Zeyda here! She comes to speak her wrongs,
 And plead for vengeance too!—

Enter Zeyda.

ZEYDA.

Heli alone! No slave to hear the voice
 Of injur'd Zeyda! yet within these walls
 Must Zeyda speak by stealth? She will not long;
 Indignant pride will burst the chains of fear,
 And tell this tyrant, 'midst his marshall'd guards,
 All that my rage can dictate. But from thee,
 My silence learn'd a motive, 'tis revenge.
 I come, the monitress of slow resolves:
 Mine is the birthright of my country's wrongs;
 And mine, the challenge of a brother's murder.

HELI.

They have not been forgotten.—

ZEYDA.

—Oh! they cannot,

They cannot be forgotten. Faith and manhood
 Would blush to think they should. For three long
 months

Has Tunis bow'd to Barbarossa's pow'r,
 Whom Heli knew a murderer.—

HELI.

—Spare thy censure;

The soul of Heli has been often wrung
 To think of that. To quit Arassid's wrongs,
 He blots his age with treason to his master.

ZEYDA.

Treason to him is virtue.

HELI.

—To the sons
 Of blind Ambition such distinctions heal
 The wounds of conscience; mine can feel it here
 Beneath their cover: Barbarossa trusts me.

ZEYDA.

ZEYDA.

Yes, for a while; his pow'r in Tunis yet
Unstable on its base: when that is fix'd,
The pillars that support it now, will fall,
And crumble into dust. The tyrant's soul
Must hold antipathy to worth like thine;
While Hassan's envy hovers o'er its prey,
And waits the first occasion to destroy thee.

HELI.

I know his hatred. Malice and revenge
Dwell in his savage bosom uncontroul'd,
And they have mark'd me; for my honest heart
Disdain'd alliance with so foul a villain;
And when he would have sooth'd me with his friend-
ship,

Indignant rose, and spurn'd it proudly from me.
I still remember'd when his barbarous insult
Doom'd me to lasting chains, to toil for life,
Bound to an oar in Barbarossa's galley.—
The story is a long one.—

ZEYDA.

—Tell it, Heli.

The tale of wrongs, of infamy, of woe,
Is but th' unfolding of my tortur'd thoughts,
That whisper it is mine.—

HELI.

—Of woe indeed

Is Heli's tale. Oh! what a heart was his,
To nurse its memory thro' revolving years,
And yet beat healthful still! Unspotted souls!
My wife! my daughter! thou whose infant softness
The bursting billows cradl'd! call'st thou hence,
With beckoning smiles from yonder fields of light,
The hoary desolate and friendless Heli?—
Forgive an old man's tears.—

ZEYDA.

—Tell me their cause,

And mine shall mingle with 'm.—

HELI.

—Eighteen years

Have thin'd these locks, since I was blest'd indeed;

C 2

O 1

O! too much blest'd! unwelcome thoughts that
paint

The fleeting shadows of my former comforts,
Away! ye tear my soul! One fateful hour
Snatch'd them at once, and left me dark and wretched,
I need not tell each circumstance of sorrow:
Know'st thou a father's or a husband's love?—
A wife, the pattern of unsully'd faith;
A child, the loveliest babe that ever smil'd
In angel-innocence,—down, down my heart!
One treacherous vessel held. Here, on the coast
Of Afric, to the seas un pitying roar,
I saw that treasure cast; and, basely fond
Of miserable life, when from their arms
The surge had torn me, on a shatter'd plank
Preserv'd a being to be dragg'd in woe.

ZEYDA.

An infant-daughter! Ha! —But end thy tale.

HELI.

All night I floated on this slender bark.
The morning came, and Barbarossa's galley
Receiv'd me from the waves: but Hassan's eye,
Which ne'er did pity melt, beheld unmov'd
The wringings of my heart. Some trifling jewels,
That chance had let me keep, the villain plunder'd,
And chain'd me with his slaves. His master saw it,
And shar'd th' inhuman spoil. But kinder Heav'n
Restor'd me freedom. By a Christian galley
Attack'd and boarded, with reluctant trust:
They gave me arms; and mindless of my wrongs,
I fought with wreckless valour on their side.
We conquer'd; my reward was liberty;
And since has Barbarossa try'd to win me
With confidence and favour.—

ZEYDA.

—I have heard thee
With more than common wonder! Eighteen years?
Nere on the coast of Afric?—

HELI.

Why that question?

ZEYDA,

ZEYDA.

Look on this brac'let.—*[Shewing him a bracelet.]*

HELI.

—O! eternal pow'rs!—

Art thou my daughter?—

ZEYDA.

—No: but she whose arms

Those pearls circled.—

HELI.

—Oh! she was; she was.

See here the fellow of that faithful witness!

[Shewing another.]

About her little wrist her mother ty'd

That father's present! Prophet of the faithful!

Say, does she live! thou can'st not say she lives.—

ZEYDA.

She does indeed; but wretched are her days.

HELI.

Tell me, that I may fly to her relief.—

Let me but see her, clasp her in these arms,

And pour a father's soul in transports o'er her.

ZEYDA.

This bracelet was the gift of early friendship,

The gift of—Zulima.—

HELI.

—Ha! Zulima!

His wife!—

ZEYDA.

—The tyrant's wife! Why dost thou pause?

HELI.

Mysterious Fate! A thousand thoughts are pressing
Upon my heart.—

ZEYDA.

—Arassid was thy friend,

Lord of thy daughter's vows! This monster came,

This curs'd assassin reeking in his blood,

And, with unblushing falsehood, stole the hand

His villainy had widow'd,—

HELI.

—Let me find her.

My wounded heart would lean upon her love,

54 THE PRINCE OF TUNIS,

Seek its lost peace, with big luxurious throbbings,
Forget its woes, and wonder at its bliss.

ZEYDA.

Come then, and see this daughter; see her sunk
Low on the ground, and torn with speechless anguish!
And if thy nature should forget its own,
Think of her wrongs, and, if thou can'st, forgive them.

Enter Suladdin.

HELI.

Suladdin!—

SULADDIN.

—Heli, Barbarossa orders,
That none, except th' attendant on her person,
Shall have access to Zulima.—

HELI.

—What, none!

Know you the Princess?

SULADDIN.

There was no exception.

My charge was general.—

HELI.

—This looks suspicion.

Heard you the cause?—

SULADDIN.

—You know a soldier's duty;

I ask'd for none. Yet I am Heli's friend,
And would go somewhat past the line of prudence
To do him service. I would have thee watchful.
If I am not deceiv'd in my conjecture,
Distrust is on thy steps, and they are mark'd
With looks that carry danger.—

HELI.

—I am caution'd.

I thank thee for the kindness of thy fear.

But whence arose it?—

SULADDIN.

—When the Turkish envoy

I led to Barbarossa, chance detain'd me
A while within the palace, near the chamber
Where they were met. I could distinctly hear
The voice of Hassan name thee in a tone

(For

(For Hassan too was there) remote from kindness,
And league it with the sound of traitor. Thee too
They mention'd, Lady: but I am not perfect
In my suspicions.

ZEYDA.

— Let them speak of Zeyda.
It is the curse of tyrants to be strong
With jealous fear. It daunts not me, Suladdin;
The dagger redden'd with my kindred blood.—

HELI.

No more of that.—Accept our thanks, Suladdin;
Some darker soul hath clouded Barbarossa's;
But time shall undeceive him.—

SULADDIN.

— You were sought:
The Sultan's envoy, as he pass'd my guard,
Inquir'd for Heli; but beware of him.—
He means, if I o'erheard him right, to search thee
For ground of accusation 'gainst thyself.
Perhaps I speak too much; but I have known thee
For truth and virtue, and I trust thee freely.

HELI.

Thou mayst with safety.—Has this Turk a name?

SULADDIN.

His name is Zatma.—

HELI.

— Zatma!—It is well.—

He shall not find me.—

SULADDIN.

— I must leave you now;

'Tis near the time when Hassan walks his round.
Let me again remind you to be secret.

HELI.

Hold me your friend; nor think so meanly of me:
The time may come when Heli can repay
Your confidence. Farewell.—

Exit Suladdin.

'Tis as it should be now. The lot is cast,
And in some little hours the fate of Tunis
Shall stand determin'd! Hassan's subtilty.

C 4.

May

May trace the covert ; but he meets ere long
Lions that rouse without the hunter's call.

ZEYDA.

'Tis bravely spoken ! On this point you stand :
Not to go forward, when the gulf behind
Is yawning with destruction, were the weakness
Of a poor trembling coward.——

HELI.

——So it were.

This dread arbitrement is only left me.

ZEYDA.

My prayers shall aid thee ; but I fear me, Heli,
The craft of treacherous Hassan will prevent
Thy brave revenge.——

HELI.

——Before his blow descends

The chiefs of Tunis strike. Now they are met.
I go to join them.—Zulima is here,
My long-lost daughter, and a parent's heart
Swells in this breast to meet her,—but in vain.
Perhaps amidst the deathful chance of war,
Some sword may reach it.—There's a coward thought
That woos me back to life ! to see my child
To press one parting kiss upon her lips !—
Oh ! this were much ! but yet if thou surviv'st,
With this memorial of another parent,

[Giving her the bracelet.

Carry a father's latest blessing to her,
And tell her—But I would not melt my soul
Beneath a warrior's temper : fare thee well !
When thou shalt hear the clash of meeting swords,
And the still air of midnight rudely broken
With clanging trumpets, and the shouts of war,
Then think on Heli ; for thy brother's wrongs,
And thine, he fights.—He makes no prayer for life !
If he must fall, he falls among the brave !
But guide him, Prophet ! as becomes a soldier,
To fight with justice, and to fall with glory

Exeunt.

End of the Fourth Act.

A C T

ACT V.

SCENE. *The apartment of Zulima.*

Enter Zulima, with an Attendant, to whom she delivers a cup.

ZULIMA.

THIS then to Barbarossa ;—'tis the gift
Of faithful love !—what of the draught re-
mains,

Tell him from her that Zulima will drain
Even to its latest drop. —

Exit Attendant.

—He drinks ! he dies !

Methinks I see him quiv'ring in the pangs
Yon poison'd beverage gives !—Ha ! do I tremble ?—
The purposes of horror should be driv'n
On burning wheels, beyond Reflection's reach !
Ye ministers of vengeance ! ye who ride
On tempest's wings, and point the lightning's spear !
Who split the bosom of the trembling earth !
Or from the phials of offended Heav'n
Pour its black venom on the deathful gale
Inspire my soul with unrelenting rage,
And chase the busy fears that rise upon me !
They tell me 'tis a dreadful thing to die !
They whisper guilt and murder ! Ha ! no more !
Is it not treason to my slaughter'd love ?
Away ye tremblings of a woman's heart !
I come ! I come ; Araffid ! if thy soul
Yet lingers for revenge, receive it now,
An offering from the hands of Zulima !—

Some one behind the Scenes.

My love, where art thou ?—Hift ! my Zulima.

ZULIMA.

Angels of mercy guard me ! was not that
Araffid's voice ?—If, from the realms of bliss,

58 THE PRINCE OF TUNIS,

Thou hear'st the wretched Zulima!—protect me
Ye blessed pow'rs! Arassid!

She faints.

Enter Zaitna, who runs to support her.

My Zulima! Distraction! speak! she breathes!
She breathes again!—'Tis thy Arassid calls thee!

ZULIMA.

Oh! faithful Prophet! are we not in heaven!
The drug was speedy! How the tyrant grinn'd!
These are the bow'rs of bliss!—

ARASSID.

—Oh! speak not thus!

Hear me, my love!—

ZULIMA.

—Arassid!—

ARASSID.

—Yes, 'tis he,

'Tis he himself.—

ZULIMA.

—But my Arassid's dead,

Murder'd by—Ha!—stop there, and 'scape from
madness!

ARASSID.

Calm thy vex'd soul, and look upon Arassid.
Heav'n has preserv'd his life to love and thee.

ZULIMA.

He lives, he lives! or has my brain been rack'd
Till Reason left her seat?—

ARASSID.

—No; let me hold thee

Thus to my heart, and tell thee that I live!

This one embrace repays my sorrows past,

And throws oblivion on my days of bondage!

Hast thou not much to ask?—Then hear it all.—

ZULIMA.

First let me gaze upon thee? strain my eye strings
With making greedy comments on thy looks.

And riot on Remembrance!—Yes, he lives!—

I do not dream; he lives!—By what bless'd pow'r

Of wonders do you live?—

ARASSID.

ARASSID.

—Ev'n at the Porte

I found ~~one~~ honest man. The treacherous Vizir
 Had doom'd me to destruction; smil'd and doom'd me.
 With much pretended friendship to my cause,
 He train'd me to the palace; with a prison,
 A gilded prison, and a guard of mates,
 He honour'd (as he said) the Prince of Tunis.
 My own attendants vanish'd by degrees;
 And Barbarossa—start not—Yes, the fiend
 Who now is Lord of Tunis, was commission'd
 To buy its sceptre with Arassid's blood.
 But my good genius link'd the villain's scheme
 With one of whiter soul, the virtuous Mirza.
 He was the keeper of this helpless prey
 Their nets had tangl'd. He would hear me tell
 The story of my wrongs, and weep to hear them.
 He pity'd, lov'd, and sav'd me.—

ZULIMA.

—Blessings on him!

The blessings of the wretched reach to heav'n.

ARASSID.

He was the wretch's friend; with guiltless falsehood,
 Deceiv'd them with a story of my murder.
 Pretended rites of burial to my corse;
 And counterfeited truth so well with semblance,
 That not a doubt arose.—Clad like a slave
 I wrought in Mirza's garden. But the life
 His generous care preserv'd, grew hateful now,
 Banish'd from bliss and thee. Nor yet alone
 Did absence give it torture: Barbarossa
 But half content with empire, sought for love,
 The love of Zulima!—

ZULIMA.

—Speak not of that.

The theme is dreadful; press it not upon me:
 It leads to desperation!—

ARASSID.

—No; it shall not.

When at the Porte, the sullen pride that waits
 Upon misfortune, bade me not be seen.

To

To many eyes, to Barbarossa's never.
 Nor do his followers know me, one except,
 Whose soul is honest 'midst surrounding villains,
 Is gentle 'midst the ruffian band he leads,
 Hence, by another venial artifice,
 Pass'd on the Sultan for a friend of Mirza's,
 I come his chosen messenger to Afric,
 And Barbarossa trusts me.—Is it base
 To deal in fraud thus? For methinks the Prince
 Of injur'd Tunis should have walk'd in light;
 Arm'd with the swelling sense of all his wrongs,
 Call'd this usurper forth, and claim'd revenge.
 Am I a coward? 'tis for thee, my love!
 For thee, disguis'd beneath another's name,
 I win this golden interview by stealth,
 To whisper out my vows.—

ZULIMA.

—You must not love me—

ARASSID.

Not love thee!

ZULIMA.

—No; you must not, nor forgive me.

No; hate me, throw me from thee—Yet methinks
 I would not have thee hate me.—

ARASSID.

—Hate thee! Heavens!—

ZULIMA.

Thou can'st not think how basely I am fallen!
 Have I no mark of ugliness about me,
 To shew how vile I am?—

ARASSID.

—Oh! thou art lovely

Beyond the dreams of Heaven!

ZULIMA.

—It cannot be.

I am not what I was: the serpent's touch
 Has turn'd this flower to poison.—Barbarossa—

ARASSID.

Ha! what of him? He durst not; sure he durst
 not—

Curse on the monster; did he wrong thy honour?

ZULIMA.

ZULIMA.

He did not ;—but—myself have wrong'd it vilely. —
I am his wife !——

ARASSID.

——His wife !——

ZULIMA.

——This fatal morn,
I vow'd myself his wife.——

ARASSID.

——My Zulima !——

ZULIMA.

If thou hast pity, change that tender look :
It tears my heart !—Detest me as you ought.

ARASSID.

Detest thee ! No ; the dreadful truth appears,
And rushes on my mind. The villain's art
At last prevail'd, and my pretended death——

ZULIMA.

Oh ! seek not to excuse me ; I must hide,
Where the hot blush shall burn my cheek no more !
Ere the next sun shall Zulima be low !

And lose her woes, her weakness, in the grave.
The malice of her fate shall chase no longer :
Ev'n thou may'st weep, and half forget to blame
The violated faith of her you lov'd !

[Shout at a distance.

Hark ! 'twas the shout of war ! O ! leave a wretch
Whose presence is infectious with misfortune !

[Shout again.

Again ! Oh Heavens !——

ARASSID.

——I cannot leave you thus :
And yet—my heart is bounding at the thought
Of gallant strife.—My sister !

Enter Zeyda.

ZEYDA.

——What art thou,
That cross'st Zeyda in Arassid's form ?
Speak, I conjure thee !

ARASSID.

——'Tis Arassid's self.

Forbear

Forbear thy wonder ; for the tale's too long
At such a time. Whence that tumultuous joy,
That glow'd on Zeyda's cheek ?——

ZEYDA.

——First let me clasp thee
Thus, to a sister's heart ! There wanted this,
To close the wonders of an hour so blest'd.—
He lives ! he lives ! for him the Chiefs of Tunis
Have fought, and conquer'd.

ARASSID and ZULIMA.

——Ha !——

ZEYDA.

——I saw them drive
The tyrant from these walls ; and in the front
The valiant Heli, shouting o'er the dead,
With Hassan's trunkless visage for a standard,
Resistless pours his conquering bands along.

ZULIMA.

Oh ! noble Heli !

ARASSID.

——Have I found him here ?

My friend again !——

ZEYDA.

——Oh ! he is more than friend.
Know'st thou this bracelet ?—— [To Zulima.

ZULIMA.

——Ah ! too well I know it,
The earliest comrade of my infant woe !

ZEYDA.

Look on its twin, [*Shewing another.*] and know that
this was Heli's !
The dear remembrance of a daughter-lost,
Whose arm that other circled——

ZULIMA.

——Gracious Pow'rs !

My head grows dizzy with thy tales of wonder !
Then Heli——

ZEYDA.

——Is thy father.——

ARASSID.

——Ha ! her father !

ZULIMA.

ZULIMA.

Spare me, ye swelling transports!—Yet I feel,
There is an icy weight upon my heart,
That will not let it rise!—Arassid! Zeyda!—
Save me; the tide of fate is rushing on me!
I know not what!—Wilder'd I am and weak!—
Methought I should have slept, and been forgotten;
This, like some strange and busy dream, hath wak'd me,
Panting amidst its bustle.

ARASSID.

—Fear not, my love;
Sure there are days of bliss reserv'd in Heav'n,
For virtue such as thine,——

ZEYDA.

—But see thy father!—

Enter Heli.

HELI.

How my heart springs to meet a daughter's grasp.
[Embracing her.]

O! let me gaze upon thee, trace the features
Of my lost infant; of her mother lost.

ZULIMA.

I cannot speak.—My father!——

ZEYDA.

——Speech is poor!—

Let Heli's silent wonder close the scene,
By looking on Arassid.——

HELI.

——Holy Prophet!

Arassid living!

ARASSID.

——Yes; he lives, to thank thee.

Thus let him clasp the friend of his misfortunes.

[Embracing him.]

Deceiv'd by Mirza, when you wept my death,
Heav'n saw your tears, and bless'd them.——

HELI.

——It has bless'd me

To night indeed. And have we fought for thee?
We should have better fought; and yet my followers
Did bravely too.——

ARASSID.

ARASSID.

—Tell me, my gallant friend ;
That I may feel the gratitude I owe them.

HELI.

I will ; tho' there's a faintness hangs about me
That should be absent now. —My brave associates
Had drawn their troops in secret near the palace ;
And chance had plac'd some veterans of my band
In posts within it. —Barbarossa call'd me.
He sat, with Hassan standing at his side,
And some few guards around them. With a smile,
A smooth deceitful smile, he bade me welcome.
Upon a table stood his marriage-cup,
Fill'd with its spicy draught. " Heli," he said,
" This is the gift of Zulima. —In token
" Of trust, and friendship for thy service past,
" To thee this nuptial beverage I assign.
" Drink to my fair-one's fortune." —I obey'd ;
But, as I drank——

ZULIMA.

—Drank ! said'st thou ?—
'Tis past ; and not a blacker curse remains
In yonder Heav'ns !——

HELI.

—Support her ; I grow faint.
Why dost thou rivet thus thine eye upon me,
My Zulima ! they wring thy father's heart.

ZULIMA.

That cup ! Is there no friendly hand to stab me ?
It should be spoken only with the breath
Of dying pangs !—That cup thy daughter poison'd !——

ARASSID and ZEYDA.

Poison'd !——

HELI.

—Nay, look not thus amaz'd, my friends.
Dear to thy father still !—[To Zulima.] 'Twas rash.

—No more——

I feel it sting. —Methinks I should have liv'd
A little longer, 'midst my new-found joys.
My friend ! my daughter !—Yet I thank thee, Allah !
I could not die more blest'd——

Enter

Enter a Soldier.

SOLDIER.

Fly, Heli, fly.—Destruction's on thy steps.
 As Barbarossa, by thy troops pursu'd,
 Fled to the port, upon the instant landed
 The Turkish gallies: fresh and warm for battle,
 Their soldiers pour'd to Barbarossa's aid,
 And made resistance vain. The Chiefs of Tunis
 Have fallen bravely. Alid. with a few
 Remaining forces, guards the palace-gate
 Some moments, till you 'scape.—

HELI.

—I shall not 'scape.
 He triumphs now. This is my resting-place.

[Falling.]

ZULIMA.

And where is mine?—
 Shrinks not the earth from parricide and me!

ARASSID.

A few remaining forces guard the gate.—
 There will Arassid fall!—

[Going out.]

HELI.

—Stay, I conjure thee.
 Look on my daughter. Thou didst love her once;
 Support her now.—

ARASSID.

—Yes, I'm a coward there.

ZEYDA.

A woman's voice may stop him in his course,
 Some feeble pity if his bosom hold,
 And I may touch it—Soldier, to the gate.

Exit Zeyda, with the soldier.

ZULIMA. *[Kneeling behind Heli, and supporting him.]*
 Can't thou yet bear this most unhallow'd touch?

HELI.

Oh! it is sweeter to my parting soul,
 Than hymns of angels!—would these torments let
 me—
 Ruler of Heav'n! thou seest no common tears
 Upon these shrivell'd cheeks! Oh! let the pangs
 That wring them from me, cover from thy wrath

One

66 THE PRINCE OF TUNIS,

One hapless daughter!—Oh!—my heart's on fire!
But—it can bless thee still!—Alas! my child!
To what dread perils!—Prophet of the faithful!
Hear'st thou an old man's pray'r that gasps to make it?
Protect, and—Oh!

[Dies.]

ZULIMA.

No: let me curse; and if the thunder sleeps,
Awake its hottest bolt, and call it here!
I am not mad; I know I am not mad!—
This old man was my father!—Murder'd!—Mur-
der'd!—

[Throwing herself on the body of her father.]

ARASSID.

Hear me, my love; the dreadful scene o'erpow'rs thee.
This signet yet commands the means of flight.

ZULIMA.

I will not fly!—Have not those lips a voice,
Cold as they are, and black with deathful poison!—
How my brain burns!—Look there!—my father's
shade!

See how he waves me with his bloodless hand!
He shakes his hoary locks!—Again he beckons!—
Thus I obey the summons.—

[Stabs herself.]

ARASSID.

—What hast thou done?

ZULIMA.

I know not what—my head grows wondrous
dizzy!—
Support me, my Arassid.—Thou pale corpse!
My murder'd father!—But let this atone,
This pang that grasps my heart, and—oh! Arassid—

[Dies.]

ARASSID.

And dost thou call Arassid?—[A shout is heard.]

—Hark! they come!—

[Shout on the other side.]

Again encompass'd!—but they shout in vain,
Despair shall 'scape 'em; for Despair can die.

[Exit hastily.]

Enter,

Enter, with their swords drawn, Barbarossa, and Attendants.

BARBAROSSA. *[In entering.]*

Save him, I charge you, save him. By our Prophet!
Who strikes Arassid dies!—Angels of death!
My Zulima!—if yet a breath remains—

[Dropping his sword, and throwing himself down by Zulima.]

Curse on my conquest! Lifeless, pale, and cold!—
Such are the triumphs of this ruthless arm!

Enter Suladdin hastily.

SULADDIN.

Alas! my Lord, Arassid—

BARBAROSSA.

—What of him?

Say that he lives; and half absolve my crimes!

SULADDIN.

He lives no more! Vain was your charge of mercy.
With desperate fury on the Turkish band
Headlong he rush'd, and from a stranger's sword
Provok'd the death he sought.—

BARBAROSSA.

—Arassid too!—

Murder and I shake hands!—Avaunt, and leave me.

[To his Attendants.]

Slaves, can ye chase this vulture from my heart?—

Ha! I may yet appease it.—

[Snatching up the dagger.]

SULADDIN. *[Preventing him.]*

—Good, my Lord,

Let me intreat you.—

BARBAROSSA.

—'Twas that demon Hassan—

Tear him to pieces!—See the villain writhes
On Heli's sword!—Hell! Hell! thy fires are cold
For such a deed!—But soft! Arassid lives!—
Did she not say he liv'd!—Hush—where is Zeyda?
Let her be treated kindly.—Give me room
To breathe this fever off!—I'd give a kingdom
To hear her say he liv'd!—
This is my wedding night! where is her chamber?

Lead

68 THE PRINCE OF TUNIS, &c.

Lead me to Zulima.—

What! with these bloody hands?—No more of that!
I'll muffle them in night.—Away! away!

Exit.

SULADDIN. [*To the attendants.*

Attend your master: I will use his pow'r
To smoothe the swelling which this storm has left.
Let him be quiet.—

Exeunt attendants.

—Sleep'ft thou, lovely maid?

Peace to thy memory!—Hapless chief, farewell!
More wretched far is he whose conquering sword
Hath triumph'd now in Tunis. Keen Remorse
Preys on his life, nor aught that pow'r can boast
Avails to soothe it!—May I die like you!
And thus some heart, by Truth, by Nature wrung,
Shed the warm drops of pity on my bier!

THE END.



EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. WESTON.

*WELL, I protest, there's no such thing as dealing
With these starch Poets, with these——Men of
Feeling!*

*Said I, Your Tragedy is fairly over,
And Zulima lies buried with her lover?
I hope your Muses pow'r extends, no further,
Than poison'd bowls, and daggers drench'd with murder.
Now she has laid her heroes to their rest,
She'll leave to us our Epilogue and Jest.*

*"Your Epilogue?" said he, "oh! bane of sense!
"Blot to the Stage, and Feeling's worst offence!
"Where Pity's soft luxurious tear should flow,
"Shou'd Passion warm, should conscious Virtue glow;
"This child, of Folly and of Fashion born,
"Laughs ev'ry nobler sentiment to scorn.
"The Poet's Nature, and the Player's Art,
"Chas'd by her voice, forsake the swelling heart;
"And where had Fancy form'd her visions fair,
"This grinning idiot reigns unrival'd there."*

*More had he said; but here I cut him short,
And came to you to crave your sanction for't.
What say ye? Shall they bring their plays in vogue.
Without the smart facetious Epilogue?*

And

EPILOGUE,

*And when their fufs of tragic woe is done,
 Skrew up their mouths and grudge our bit of fun?
 When we have dry'd the tears that Pity shed,
 Shall we not take the living for the dead?
 And, when we tire thro' ancient times to roam,
 Hear something clewer of the times at home?
 And tho' these grave-ones say, 'tis out of season,
 There's precedent enough to give it reason.—
 But hush! he frowns, and beckons me away:
 Farewell!—You'll laugh with me some other day.*

